tanned by the scorching of countless suns, seamed with old scars, and shaggy with hair that hung in masses from his skull, and clothed his gaunt visage to the eyes. The flesh, however, had dried into a thick integument of the consistency of parch-

ment, lying close to the bony framework, and giving the impression of a figure carved from some dark-golored wood. The eyes themselves had disappeared, shrunken into

their sockets; the lips were like strips of

cartilege, and were drawn back from the yellow teeth, giving the involuntary expression of a savage snarl.

Such was the body; the dress was like none I had ever seen before, unless in some stage extravaganza, or represented

in ancient pictures. It consisted mainly

of a jerkin and short breeches of some

rough material, and a thick pair of boots

coming up to the knee. The cut and fash-

ion of these garments showed at a glance

that they had not been made in our day,

nor for many generations before; they

might have been the fashion in an age when Charles Second sat on the throne of

of Orange on those of France and England. How, then, came they to clothe the body of a man lying on the deck of a ves-

sel in this year 1894?
The colonel and I did not ask each other

this question; we were not in the humor for speech. We continued our investiga-

tions and found the deck strewn with

corpses, all more or less resembling the one I have described. They lay in all pos-

tures and places, as if stricken down sud-

denly where they stood by some compre-hensive thunderbolt. Some had ropes still in their hands, as if they had been haul-ing the yards or taking in sail. All were armed with weapons of one sort or an-

other, but none of a pattern known to

modern armories. There were cutlasses,

dirks, pikes and many grotesque and clum-ey pistels and matchlocks, whose detona-

tions no living ear could have heard for

centuries. Here and there, in points of vantage, we found seven or eight quaint old bronze cannon, some of them richly carved and embossed.

The waist of the ship was low; the decks

forward and aft were raised above the

middle space to the height of a man, and

were reached by steep flights of steps. On

the poop we discovered, leaning against the mizzen mast, the only figure on board

rated with barbaric magnificence. His erectness was only an accident; he had

been propped up in his position by his

long, basket-hilted rapier, the point of which was stuck in the deck, while the hilt

his foot, whereupon down fell the dead man prone upon the deck, with a great

jingle and crash of arms. The colonel, for all his steadiness, jumped back as if from a sudden attack. That was the first sound,

except our own rare whispers, that had broken the deathly stillness since we had

stumbled upon the first corpse.
"I recognize this chap—his red feather,

a look at the flag. That ought to tell us

We walked aft, and I cut the flag hal-

liards with my penknife. The flag came down. We spread it out on the deck, and

examined it with the aid of the lantern.

It was the imperial naval ensign of France in the reign of Louis XIV.

"This is not a thing we can understand, colonel," I remarked. "We must take it as

go below and investigate the cabin."

The colonel was mute; he followed me

about meekly. When a thoroughly practi-

cal man—a man of action—who believes only in what he can explain by rule of

thumb, chances to run across something

altogether beyond the scope of common

human experience, he becomes, for the

his own thoughts, has him completely at

I took the lantern and went in advance.

of ice. I was prepared for ghosts, but this was not preternatural; the terror of it was

due to its being a natural manifestation in

the midst of what was spectral. The

colonel heard it, but so far from complet-

ing his collapse, it revived him. He drew

in a long breath. "Some poor devil of a dog is down there," said he, clearing the

huskiness out of his throat. "It will be a

comfort to rescue him, after all this devil-

Now I, unlike the worthy colonel, am a

family man; and domestic life gives a man

certain knowledges unknown to celibates.

The sound had not appeared to me like the

whining of a dog. But it was no use spec-ulating; we went down.

The sound was not repeated, and we had

nothing to guide us. We found ourselves in a passage communicating with a saloon,

small but gorgeously furnished. There was gold and silver plate on the table; curtains

of velvet and hangings of silk decorated the

walls and doorways, and a carved ebony

showed within a mass of splendid jewelry

and other valuables. A sword, its hilt

sparkling with precious stones, lay on the floor. The place was like a room in Alad-

din's palace. But no sign either of life or death was visible.

We passed through this cabin with only

a glance at its contents. There would be time enough for such things later. We en-

advantage. So I led the doughty old

sound from below.

try! After you, sir!"

it strike you?"

something



Copyrighted, 1895, by Bacheller, Johnson & Bacheller. ceptible to us, but the effect was to head "You know," said Col. Enderby, "it's two hundred years to a day, almost, since that hundred yards distant. On she came, the DuCasse affair occurred along this very bit water rippling from her bluff bows, and of coast we are looking at."

When the colonel begins a piece of information by the words "you know," I am always prepared to hear something concerning which I was totally ignorant; and I fancy the colonel would be surprised to find it otherwise.

Now, it so happened that I had heard of the French admiral, DuCasse, as having had some connection with Jamaica; nevertheless, not to disappoint my friend, I murmured, in a semi-interrogative tone: "Oh-DuCasse?"

"You know what I mean," proceeded he, Frenchmen knew it. He fetched up one fine day off Morant bay, yonder, and set further down the coast, at Cow bay—we drove along by there this morning. Well, less did not witness this picturesque ornahe caught us napping, that's the truth. He and his rabble were no better than the worst of pirates. They made bloody work of it, I tell you; men, women and children—slaughtered 'em all, sir, by Jove! Well, it's a good white since; but I've always wished I could have a chance to get back at 'em; and maybe the time may come yet

there's no telling-eh?"
"Did they get much plunder?" I inquired. "Plunder!" cried the colonel, his war-like mustachies bristling. "Loaded down with it—loaded to the gun'l! And slaves!— they carried off near fifteen hundred of 'em. We gave 'em a touch of our quality before they got off, though," added the grizzled warrior. "Col. Beeston was gov-ernor-Sir William he was then-who used to own the land Kingston now stands on. He was a stiff old chap, was Beeston; and when that French scoundrel tried to redead behind him."

"By the way, colonel," said I, after a pause, "wasn't it that same Du Casse who afterward defeated your Admiral Benbow in these same waters?"

The colonel was obviously taken by sur-

Charles, and vanished with the glasses their own abode—"
Here the colonel interrupted me with an and an indulgent smile Col. Enderby had been an honored resident

of Jamaica for twenty years or more; he came here with a brilliant reputation, won n the Indian mutmy. He was the owner on a round of visits to them, and had in-vited me to take a seat in his carriage. afternoon and a most delicious prospect of sea and coast. During the pause that followed the order

given to Charles my eyes were caught by ship some miles distant in the offing. She added the needed touch of human interest to the view, and I watched her pro-ceedings with pleused and idle attention. What sort of a craft do you call that, colonel?" I acked, at length. "She looks to me more like a Chinese junk than any-

"Eh? Oh-that? Chinese junk, eh! Well hardly! She is a queer-looking affair, though. Where's the telescope? Charles! Where the deuce has that rascal-oh, gone after the . . . Why doesn't he get back?

"Yassah, massa," said Charles, reappear-ing with what he had been sent for and the ing us. same charitable smile. "Humph! Fetch me the telescope, "Tel'scope? Yessah!"

"By Jove, she's an odd fish-a very odd muttered the colonel, after a prolonged scrutiny through the instrument. say it ain't right, an' I was 'bliged for to

the vessel directly toward the reef, from which she now seemed to be but a few rising and sinking slowly on the long swell. She was moving obliquely relative to us. her port side being half turned to us. Now a long line of white surf broke almost un-"By Jove, there she goes!" cried the colonel, jumping to his feet excitedly. "He's done it!"

As he spoke her forward part was uplifted by a roller and came down heavily on the reef. The shock caused her main topmast to break short off at the cap, and it hung down amidst a tangle of cordage. Meanwhile, unless my eyes deceived me, a flag was run up to her mizzen; but it was too dusky to distinguish what device it

Tropical twilights are short; and almost with confidence. "The French were backing up the Old Pretender—the son of James II, by Mary of Modena—and that scoundred DuCasse was sent out here with a fleet to see what he could pick up. It was a couple of years after the great earthquake that sunk Port Royal; but there was plenty of booty to be keed in the island yet and the booty to be had in the island yet, and the similitudes of form, and finally took that of an antique vessel very much resembling the one on the reef-a gigantic ghost of a ship, which glowed with phantom fire ashore a part of his force there, and a part | through its portholes and finally vanished

> ment of the scene. His mind was full of the actual situation down there on the reef; and, though he had so vigorously de-nounced the stupidity of the "red-feathered chap," and even gone so far as to accuse him of Frenchiness, he now began to con-

sider plans for succor.
"Why don't he show any lights, though?" he muttered. "Has he the idea that he has come ashore on an uninhabited island?" "If he has been cruising about since 1694 possibly he has run out of his stock of rockets and candles." I suggested. "Do you see any signs of his putting off a

boat?" continued the warrior. "He's got boats, for I noticed a couple of them before the light failed. Why, what the deuce ails him? Anybody would think that every man-jack of 'em had been struck dead by the same blow that stove in her bottom." Indeed, there was not a sign of life on peat his infernal tactics at Carlisle bay. Beeston was down on him with the militia, and wiped him off the island, by Jove, leaving even hundred of his cutthroats from her. And yet a minute ago her decks had been aswarm with life. "What do you make out of it-eh?" de-

manded the colorel, chafing under his perplexity. "The case strikes me as very simple," I

prise; he had no notion that I knew that. He hummed and hawed, frowned and bristied; but there was no getting round history. "Oh, Benbow! Fine old chap, Benbow; but rather a duffer, I fancy. Oh, well, it was a long time ago, that; a long time ago, Charles! bring us two more, do you hear! and jump, now!"

"Yossah, Massa Cunl, sah!" responded Charles, and vanished with the glasses

indignant snort.
"Jesting is all very well," quoth he; "but what's to be done about those poor devils down on the reef? It may come In the Indian mutiny. He was the owner of several estates on the island, and was on a round of visits to them, and had intitled me to take a seat in his carriage. I'll tell you what it is—if they haven't wited me to take a seat in his carriage. We were at this moment sitting on the veranda of one of them, a little way up a mountain sile, enjoying the air of the late afternoon and a most delicious prospect of what's up, in person. That's what I shall afternoon and a most delicious prospect of what's up, in person. That's what I shall take a boat and go out to see what's up, in person. That's what I shall be a state of the late of the l Would you care to accompany me "Nothing would please me better. I have always wanted to board a phantom ship, colonel, and there is no man whom I would

prefer to yourself for my companion in such an adventure." The colonel growled, called for Charles, ordered him to have dinner as soon as possible, and gave him further instruc-tions relative to our proposed expedition. Fortunately for our purpose, the night turned out perfectly fine and still, and there was a moon, which rose just about the time we were ready to embark on our trip—between 8 and 9 o'clock. We had driven down from the colonel's house, some two or three miles, over a rough road, in a single-seated buggy; on arriving at the beach we found the faithful Charles await-

"Has the fellow made any signs of life yet?" demanded the colonel, as his servant helped him alight. "No. Massa Cun'l, sah," Charles replied. "Dey's like as if dey wus gone to sleep, sah. De boys here, dey don' like it, sah;

was to clamber out on it, get a line from over the ship's side and go aboard.
"Way enough!" called out the colonel; "stern all! Look out, forward there! Now, then, we'll have a word with this chap. The hail was stentorian; it might have

been heard back at our point of embarka-tion; but it produced not a whisper of response from the vessel. The situation did not strike me as being entirely agreeable. It was picturesque and impressive, but not inviting. There were the loneliness of the the night, the gentle sucking sound of the waves as they lifted and subsided about the reef and the shadow like piling themselves aloft to the north-they seemed very far away just then! Close beside us, overhanging our heads, were the black sides of the unaccountable ship, a sort of grotesque marine catafalque, containing no one could tell what; so lately full of life and bustle, and now as deadly still as a veritable tomb. What did it mean, or por-tend? What in the name of mystery had become of its late occupants? They could not have got away; they had been under observation from the time the ship first hove in sight, and yet they could not be on board, unless • • • The alternative was the thing that I have described as uninvitng. If that swarm of men were on board, lurking in such breathless silence within a few feet of where we were sitting, there was difficulty in persuading one's self that their conduct boded us any good. On the other hand, of course, it was scarcely less difficult to imagine what benefit they could expect from doing us any harm. Here they were, hard and fast on the reef, at the mercy not only of a change in the weather, but of the inhabitants of the island. They must be aware that our visit could be in-tended only in their interest. All the same, I do not mind saying that my most urgent longing at that moment did not take the form of a craving to clamber up the ship's side and find out what was going on there. As for the colonel, it is the business of warriors not to know what fear is; and in his case there was the added consideration that he felt-whether reasonably or not matters little-that her Britannic majesty was being slighted in his person. At all events, I am able to affirm that, to all appearances, the only effect upon my friend of this ghastly unresponsiveness on the part of the ship's company was to develop in him a wrath the flery quality of which was but feebly symbolized by glow of the cigar which was gripped be-tween his teeth. He repeated his hail twice; and then, turning to me, with the deadly calm of one who has passed beyond the point where demonstrations of any sort can adequately express his emotions, he said, in the softest tones I had ever heard him use: "I think I'll just step aboard and make a few inquiries. Will you remain here, or-

If I had been an Englishman, or even a negro, I think I might have been prevailed upon to let that gallant gentleman have all the fun to himself; but, as I had the honor of the stars and stripes in my keeping, at least as much as he had that of the lion and the unicorn in his, I at once replied, in a loud and cheerful tone: "Remain here? Well, not if I know myself! I came out here to see these fellows, and you can bet your life, Col. Enderby, I am not going ashore again without having

me," said he, in the same unnaturally silky voice. He stepped out on the surface of the reef, and I followed him. It was only a few inches above the water, and was both rough and slippery. We trod on limpets and sea urchins, and slimy strips of sea weed twined themselves about our



fro in the water a few yards off.

"Charles," continued his master, will remain here until my return. You are not to come on board unless I summor you. (I thought it highly probable that Charles would observe this injunction.) Keep the boat about where she is—(sup-Keep the boat about where she is—(sup-pose, thought I, these fellows should take it into their heads to scuttle off as soon as our backs are turned, what then?)—and as our backs are turned, what then?)—and let no one presume to leave his place, indulge in any laughter or horse play during my absence.'

indulge in a break-down; but the light was

The colonel, in spite of my efforts, politely but firmly insisted on preceding me, and ascended with remarkable agility for a

lying like rolls of sail cloth or heaps of spare rigging. Upon one of these heaps the colonel flashed the light of his lantern. "Eh?—why, what the deuce—" he muttered. He inspected another heap to his sight; then still another further forward. itself by an altogether inopportune fit of laughter.

The colonel, after a pause, deliberately knelt on one knee on the deck, beside one of the heaps, and held the lantern close



Then he put his hand upon it. Then he

last two hundred years, anyway!" Prompted by a curiosity yet stronger than my horror, I bent over the remains and examined them closely. They were

THERE LAY A WOMAN OF REMARKABLE BEAUTY. Her dark hair fell down over her should-Spain, and Louis Quartoze and William ers. Her eyes were closed; but as we en-tered they quivered and slowly opened Their glance, dark and penetrating, rested on us for an instant, and then they closed

a vacancy beyond. I drew the fabric aside

and stepped into a small chamber some twelve feet long by six wide. The colonel

was at my heels.

A bed or bunk was built against the side

age, apparently, and of remarkable beauty.

once more. A faint sigh stirred the lace upon her bosom, and she lay still. By her side lay an infant, not more than a few weeks old. The little creature rested on its back; its plump little legs and arms were kicking and brandishing in air. Its eyes were tightly shut; but as we stared upon it they opened, and it uttered a quavering cry—the cry of a baby just emerging from sleep and in want of its

"Bless my soul," faltered the honest colonel. "Bless my soul! A live baby, in the midst of all this!" I put my finger on the mother's wrist. It was already cold, and there was no puise. Her beautiful face changed even as we

stood there; it became pinched and cadaverous. The figure seemed to sink into it-self and wither up. It was as if she had been miraculously preserved during un-known years, until her infant should be But the infant-he was real and substantial; he did not dwindle and vanish before our eyes. The colonel, however, seemed to fear that he would, for he caught him up in his arms and pressed him to his manly but tender old heart. which had kept its feet. It was the corpse of a tall man, with wide shoulders and a certain stateliness of bearing, in spite of the untoward circumstances. He wore a wide-brimmed black felt hat, ornamented with a superb great plume of scarlet feathers. His dress was rich and deco-"It makes me feel like a man again to get hold of it," quoth he, in a shaken voice,

while two tears ran down the side of his warlike nose. "Here's a real piece of warm flesh and blood at last, after all this infernal hobgoblinry. Do, for mercy's sake, let us get out of this before we get turned into mummies and hobgoblins ourselves!"
I looked again at the mother. What fate had been hers! Who was she? How came she hither? Had her eyes, indeed, bewhich was stuck in the deck, while the fill came she fitner? Had her eyes, indeed, behad us before she died, or was that an illusion of our bewildered senses? What in moving to look beneath his wide hat had her life been on this accursed vessel? the point of the rapier with the point of the rapier with who was the father of this child which she had cherished till the end? Ah, well, it is the doom of man to ask questions

> sooner that baby has some woman to look after him the better. His mother will rest here one night more, and we will return in the morning. May she rest in peace,

whoever she was!" at least," the colonel presently remarked, in as composed a tone as he could man-We mounted the deck, the colonel bear-We mounted the deck, the colonel bearing the baby, who took the change in his circumstances very composedly. It was a relief to breathe the free air again. The moon had risen higher, and now shone quietly over the deck, and the dusky heaps of mortality that lay upon it seemed no more than shadows of the past. We crossed over the spot where the fallen retimes hung from the bulwarks and the ratlines hung from the bulwarks, and the

"Colonel Enderby," I said, "now I come to think of it, there is no necessity for your returning to the shore with me. I am sure you must feel that the dignity of her majesty's service demands that you should remain in charge of this vessel until the authorities at Kingston can be informed of what has occurred. You are leaving the ship in opposition to your sense of duty, merely out of courtesy to me. But I won't allow it! I will go ashore with the baby, and do you stay here till tomorrow. I don't at all mind going alone, and it will be a comfort to me to think that you are out here enjoying the it comes and make the best of it. Let us discharge of an obligation which is not the less dear to you because you happen to be on the retired list. Good night!"

But the colonel had me on the arm with

> know that I have been and am fright-ened pretty near out of my senses," said he, "you are welcome to the informa-tion. I would no more dare stay here all night alone than \* \* Oh, come on! Have you Yankees no consideration for a chap when he's down?"
> "My dear colonel," returned I, "I was just

as much scared as you were; all I wished was to come to an understanding. I don't rior about at my will, and he trotted after me with an unquestioning deference that believe that either the British lion or the American eagle will be a bit the worse for We came to the companionway; it was like the mouth of a black pit. I was not at my our spending the night at your pen; so let us shake hands and say no more about it." ease, however; like Macbeth, "direness, tamiliar to my thoughts, could not once move me." But just as I set foot on the Since that night the colonel has been less overwhelming and more companionable. when I stepped out on the porch I found my host already there. He was staring first step of the descent, there came a seaward with a blank expression, which It was a sort of whimpering, complaining remained on his face when he turned to sound, half animal and half human. It seemed to enter into my blood like atoms

I looked, and neither on the reef nor anywhere within the sweep of the horizon could I discern any trace of the mysterious vessel of the night before. Yet there had been no breath of wind from then till now. "She's gone," he repeated; "and Charles

you make of it?"
"Colonel," I Teplied, after a pause, "have you got that baby still?"
"Indeed," I have," cried the veteran.
"He's just dropped asleep, after getting a good breakfast out of that Sally of mine, you know, who-ahem! Oh, yes-I've got

"Then we may take our own breakfast with a free mind," said I. "It is the way of ships to pass in the night, and, for my part, I think it was high time for her to

colonel, heartly; and, grasping my hand, he led me in to breakfast; coffee and rolls, and a couple of soft-bolled eggs apiece.

Just as we had finished and were thinking of retiring to our rooms to lay aside our pajames and start for the beach, Charles modestly entered, bearing in his arms a battered and watersoaked fragment of old black plank, with the half-effaced remains of some inscription on it. "De men find it on de beach dis mo'nin', sah," he explained. "T'ink it come off de

look at it, sah, Massa Cun'l, sah."
At the colonel's direction he placed the fragment on a chair, so that the light fell upon the writing. We set ourselves to de-'Looks to me like 'Vainquere,' eh?, What

"I think it's 'La Valliere,' " answered I. "She was one of Louis Quatorze's-er-"I fancy you've got it," assented he. "And now I think of it, 'La Valliere' was the name of one of the ships of that scoundrel

"Then that complete to another, neck and leg. Their black skin dence. But don't you think," I added, "that clung to their bones like wrinkled leather. considering the circumstances it will be gust their sufferings must have been over

colonel, earnestly. "The truth is, I was going to suggest a little—er—prudence, myself. We know what we know; and we don't want to be bothered with the questions and guesses of a lot of asses who have heard it so plainly on the upper deck," I began; but I was interrupted by a repetition of the same plaintive whimper, evidently from above us. The colonel uttered an exclamation, and had scrambled up the ladder before I could turn round. I know nothing. By the way, come in and have a look at him. He's a beauty, I tell you! And I'll lay you the odds he's no Frenchman. Softly, now, or you'll wake followed, and found that he had groped his way back to the saloon in the dark.

"It must be here, you know," muttered he, apologetically. "I was sure of it from We tip-toed in, and there he lay, pink and soft, breathing gently, in his little impromptu crib, with sable Sally grinning beside him. I was tempted to compliment him on his activity, but I forbore. I looked round the little saloon. There must be some state rooms hereabouts. I pushed my hand against one of the silken hangings and felt

"He's an Englishman, every inch of him," exclaimed the colonel, beneath his breath. "And his mother is an English woman; did you notice her eyes? Dark gray, English eyes—Lancashire eyes; I ought to know, for I am a Lancashire boy myself, and there was a girl I might have married, if I hadn't been a fool, who looked just like

of the vessel opposite us. It was covered with drapery of fine cambric, with a satin "And who was the baby's father, do you coverlid. Propped upon the pillows lay a woman between twenty and thirty years of think?"

"An Englishman, of course," replied the celenel, indignantly; "an English colonial, at all events. Wasn't I telling you yesterday afternoon that those infernal pirates murdered the men and carried off the womurdered the men and carried on the men? Very well; now, my idea is, that this child—that his mother—that this child, I They Hurry and Worry, Then Don't sey, was born immediately after his mother was carried on board, owing to the fright and agitation, you understand; and that he saved his mother's honor by being born at that time."
"But, colonel, that was 200 years ago," I

objected.
"Well, sir, and what if it was? There

are miracles in the Bible, and I believe in the Bible! And could a miracle be performed in a better cause than this? I believe there was a miracle; and I believe in that woman, and in her baby; and he shall be my baby, now, and whatever I possess shall be his, when I'm gone; that's my last will and testament!" Will you let me have the honor of being

his godfather?" I asked.

To this proposal the colonel gave a cordial assent; and I am to send the little heir a silver mug next month.

### PROFITS OF LITERATURE. Novelists of the Day Who Are Making

From the Brooklyn Standard-Union. Just what a successful hit in literature means to an author in dollars and cents was demonstrated to me a few days since four months. In the same manner over \$10,000 has been sent to Stanley Weyman by his American publishers as royalties on his books during the last nine months. Du Maurier is not known, but it is close to by" at \$25,000. It was not an unusual thing for Robert Louis Stevenson to receive \$15,-000 a year from his literary work, and I remember very well, during the popularity of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" as a book and play, that Mrs. Burnett's yearly income exceeded \$25,000. Mary Wilkins has netted over \$5,000 from 'Pembroke,' while a close friend of S. R. Crockett tells me that his income last year from his writings was

over \$20,000.

Literary success is a very profitable thing, without a doubt. When once it is achieved the truth of the old maxim that nothing succeeds like success is very quickly demonstrated to the author. But only the few reach the coveted goal. A novel. for example, must sell 5,000 copies before it pays its publisher and begins to show a profit to its author. And when one considers that not one out of forty novels ever reach a 5,000 sale, the chances of success will be better understood.

### THE WIDOW BLINKINS. Some Persons Feared Her, but She Was Harmless to Strangers.

From the Detroit Free Press. The road up the mountain was hard to climb on horseback, but when I reached the top of the gap a beautiful view was twisted silver the Cumberland river was woven in and out among the trees of the valley, and far, far away the green of the blue of the distant sky. After gazing on the magnificent scene for a few moments I got off my horse to fix my saddle girth, and while I was about it a mountaineer came out of the woods by the roadside. "How are you?" said I. "Have you s

piece of string that I can tie up this girth with?" "Sorry, mister," said he, "but I hain't." "How far is it to the nearest house? Maybe I can get it there?"

mile down the mountain." "The Widder Blinkins."

"Not Sam Blinkins' widow?" I asked in astonishment, for only a week before I had met Sam down in Pineville in a timber trade. ; it's Bill's." "I knew he had a brother, but I didn't

know he was dead," said I, considerably re-"He ain't dead," said he, grinning, "it's his grass widder.'

took it easy tell she got her dander up. and then, caze he wouldn't work, she tuck it into her head to pester the life outen him and keep him from inj'yin his rest. It kep' on frum bad to wuss, tell at last she tuck a club an' druv Bill offen the place. And Bill told her he'd be derned

"In course, mister," he said urgently; "she ain't fierce to strangers." With this assurance I started off, and as I turned in the road he called to me: 'Say, mister, won't you tell the widder that you seen Bill up in the mountain

#### A Congressman's Joys. Wm. E. Curtis, in Chicago Record.

I found a millionaire member of Congress sitting in his hotel the other day surrounded by gloom so dense that it could have been shoveled away like snow from the sidewalk, and asked him what had happened. "I was just thinking," he said, "what a fool I was to come to Congress. It cost me \$12,000 eash to pay my campaign expenses, in addition to two months' neglect of my business. When I am home about two-thirds of my time is taken up by people who come in to ask for offices I have had candidates for foreign missions, consulates, department bureaus, United States marshalships, United States attorneys, pension agents, about forty post-offices and no end of Indian agents and land offices, and all I've succeeded in get-ting since Cleveland was inaugurated is one assistant keeper of a lighthouse, a place for which there was no candidate. and they asked me to hunt up a man. I scarcely dare go home. I am being cursed all over my district by people who think I'm indifferent to their interests and ungrateful to my friends. It will take six weeks' steady taiking to explain why I haven't been able to get all the republican office holders in the district turned out and democrats put in, and not half the people who hear the explanation will believe me. Until now I have never sought anything that couldn't be bought, but I've spent \$10,000 worth of my time trying to get a \$1,200 consular appointment for the sor of one of my constituents, and can't make it. My business is going to ruin for want of attention, and there is a basket of letters on my desk at home that I have never had time to read."

Some "don'ts" given by the Boston Transscript are worth heeding. Don't put money in your mouth. It is not only filthy, but may need disinfecting. Don't often put candy in your mouth. In-

vestigation in dentistry shows that decayed teeth are the work of a micro-organism that breeds in the acid produced by disintegration of sugar. Don't use public drinking vessels.

Don't use towels in use in public lava-tories. A specialist of diseases of the eye at Buffalo investigated the towels furnished a public school and found the:n in-

The Poem of Part of a Week. From the Indianapolis Journal Of an old and noble foreign house He was the eldest Sun, She, just a plain American-

But then she had the Mon.

"Love, why should we be longer Tue?" One eve he softly said. She saw no reason why they should, And next week they were Wed.

# WASHINGTON WOMEN.

## **Unworthy Habits of Haste** Among Them.

# Many Who Seem to be Acting A Foo ish Part.

Are Not Satisfied by Going About Quietly.

Get Sleep

Paine's Celery Compound Their Best Relief.

In prescribing Paine's celery compound for a pa-tient the other day a Washington physician, who is a specialist in nervous difficulties, declared that there were thousands of such women who were literally killing themselves by too rapid movements. "They are not satisfied," said he, "with going about doing things in a quiet, ordinary way, but rush through with their work and ruin their health as fast as they can. So firmly fixed is this habit that they run up and down stairs when there is no need for hurry.
"They not only rush, but worry, and between

these two subject their pervous systems to more wear and tear than anything short of wrought steel could endure." Whatever the cause, our women, our young girls

and even business men are rapidly growing more and more nervous. Prof. Phelps, the great Dartwhen I saw a check sent to Hall Caine for | mouth scientist, saw this alarming state of things nearly \$5,000 as royalties on the American and concentrated all his energy to remedying it. It sales of "The Manxman" during the last was from the formula of this eminent student and thinker that Paine's celery compound was prepared. Its success in restoring nerve-strength and building up the worn-out body repaid the years of study and investigation that Prof. Phelps conscientionsly devoted to the diseases of the stomach and the What has been thus far remitted to Mr. kidneys, the result of impure blood and impoverished nerves. The astonishing results that have accuracy to place his revenue from "Tril- come from its careful use have been the subject of discussion in all the prominent newspapers and magazines in this country, Canada and throughout The record of this great blood cleanser, from the

time of its discovery up to the present day, has been a marvelous one. It has cured literally thousands of cases of ne rous debility, rheumatism, kidn y and heart trou-

bles, and has made sound sleep possible to countless men and women whose irritable and impoverished nerves were slowly draining them of vitality.

### FROM LAKE TO OCEAN. General Scheme of Canal Improvement Proposed in Canada.

From the Pittsburg Dispatch. The Canadian government has for several years past been working out systematically a general scheme of canal improvement, This scheme embraces the enlargement of waterways between tide water and Lake Superior, so that the locks shall have a length of 270 feet between the gates and a width of 45 feet, the navigable depth of water over the sills to be fourteen feet. Work has been steadily pushed forward, and no year passes without seeing more or

spread before me. Like a strand of less satisfactory progress made. The project cherished by what is known as the international canal commission, of which not a little has been heard in these recent fcrest stretched until it faded into the days, is a good deal more ambitious. That blue of the distant sky. After gazing on scheme has in contemplation an extent of enlargement which shall furnish not less than twenty-one feet in navigable depth. As the name of the commission would imply, the scheme is international in its scope, both as to the outlay which would be necessary and the ultimate benefits which would accrue. Influential men on both sides of the line are warmly interested in the project, and not a little enthusiasm has been shown, though it does not appear as if much has yet been accomplished in the line of practical steps toward the reali-zation even of the preliminary funds which such an undertaking would necessitate. Its purpose embraces, as already said construction of deep water channels of not less than twenty-one feet in depth to connect the Great Lakes with the Atlantic ocean by way of the St. Lawrence river, and also by way of the Hudson river. Moreover, the scheme embraces the con-struction of canals connecting Lake Superior with the Mississippi river and Lake Erie with the Ohio river. It favors the establishment of an international commission for determining the method of construction and maintenance of waterways of an international character, and also the

### be established by the joint action of the governments. Lincoln's Wonderful Memory. Noah Brooks in the Century.

establishment of an international court for

the purpose of hearing and finally deter-

mining, under rules of law, all questions arising between the government of the United States, Great Britain, Mexico and Canada, both the commission and court to

One of my cousins, John Holmes Good-

enow, of Alfred, Me., was appointed minister to Turkey early in the Lincoln administration, and was taken to the White House before his departure for his post to be presented to the President. When Lincoln learned that his visitor was a grandson of John Holmes, one of the first Senators from Maine, and a man of note in his day and generation, he immediately began the recitation of a poetical quotation which must have been more than a hundred lies in ength. Mr. Holmes, never having met the President, was naturally astonish outburst, and as the President went on with this long recitation, the suspicion crossed his mind that Lincoln had suddenly taken leave of his wits. But when the lines had been finished the President said: "There, that poem was quoted by your grandfather Holmes in a speech which he made in the United States Senate in ——," and he named the date and specified the occasion. As John Holmes' term in the Senate ended in 1833, and Lincoln was probably im-pressed by reading a copy of the speech rather than by hearing it, this feat of memory appears most remarkable. If he had een by any casualty deprived of his sight, his own memory would have supplied him with an ample library.

#### No More Tipping of Barbers. From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

A mild sensation has been occasioned among the journeymen barbers by a New Year resolution adopted by the proprietor of one of the shops, which will be most rigidly carried out. His decision, which is announced in placards, abolishes all tipping, and makes the penalty for accepting a tip immediate discharge. "It is a very radical move," said he, "and one that will be watched with a great deal of interest by barbers all over the city. On the first of the year I raised salaries all around and made the new rule. Some of the men will feel it, but in the end it will be beneficial to the journeymen and the customers. It got to be so that the barbers would linger for a 'tipper,' and a man who didn't give the barber something was often hurried through and slighted. To some people a tip means a good deal, and they preferred to shave themselves at home and save their money. I think the move will eventually increase business. The men seem to be satisfied with the new arrangement, and the more sensible of them admit that they have brought it on themselves. One or two of them, under the old plan, by dint of superior generalship, always managed to get the lion's share of the extra money, so, on the whole, the new arrangement is fairer all around."

## A Classic Puzzle.

"More Cicero and Virgil is now required for admission to Yale." Why is this? Virgil, it is true, reported athletic sports in a manner that would warm the cockles of a hustling managing editor; but where does Cloero come in? He never showed enthu-siasm for throwing the hammer or for

skillful slugging with the cestus.

## "THERE SHE GOES," CRIED THE COLONEL. "I can't say that I quite . . . See what promise 'em extra pay to take us out you make of her." I took the glass and looked. I am more familiar with ships than with the early history of Jamaica; but this vessel came under no category I was acquainted with. She was rot a large boat-under two hun-dred tons, I should say-and her lines were peculiar and rather awkward; she was high in the bows and in the stern, after the fashion of the ships we see in old marine paintings, and her spars and rigging, also, had a very antique look. She resembled a Chinese junk more than anything; but there were differences; she was paint-

ed black, which no Chinese junk ever was, that I heard of; and her sails were of canvas, much torn and defaced. Besides, what should a Chinese tunk be doing here? "There's a reef out thereabouts," re marked the colonel. "If she isn't careful, she'll find it out!" "She appears to be sailing without any wind," said I. "She's well manned; I should think there might be fifty or sixty men on board. And they're working as if their lives depended on it. But either they're very awkward, or that fellow on poop, with the red cap on-or is it a red feather in his hat?-doesn't know what he's about. He can't intend to come ashore

here; and yet that's just what he seems to be doing.' "He's a duffer; he might be a French-man, by the way he behaves," said the colonel, resuming the glass. "They're an outlandish-looking gang, sure enough, those chaps are; look as if they might be the remains of some of DuCasse's pirates, kept alive for their sins," he added with a chuckle. "Recollect I came across some legend to that effect, in a manuscript chronicle in my collection, the other day. I'll look it up. By Jove, that red-feathered fellow is bound to the deuce, sure enough! And how he manages to move in the dead calm, at that rate, is beyond me. He must tramps, sir—even if he be on the retired be the Flying Dutchman! He'll be high and list?" returned the colonel, with sternness. dry on the reef in ten minutes, whoever he is!"

In fact, the sun was setting, and, as our there is any trouble; and meanwhile we outlook was toward the southeast, the will hope for the best." shadow of the gigantic Elue Peak was thrown upon that part of the offing where the ship was. She was merged in it, and lay with one-half her hull across it.

"Ah, the rascals! Let them alone not to lose a chance of turning a penny! So, the crew out yonder's asleep, are they? Well, we'll wake 'em before long. Push off, give way, there, and be lively!" The rowers—there were four of them-bent to their oars, and we swept out into the still lagoon, the rising moon sending her level rays into our faces from the left, and the end of the colonel's big cigar glow-ing beneath his grim mustache. Owing to the position of the moon it was difficult to discern anything of the ship, which lay upward of two miles out; she was a shadow, and little more. As we advanced a silence fell upon us; nothing was heard but the regular breathing of the men, the clip of creak of the rowlocks. After we had proceeded for about twenty minutes anothe sound became audible—the gentle breaking of the swell upon the reef. We were now scarce a mile away from it, and the ship was silhouetted against the whitish glisten of the sea beyond her. But no noise, no movement, no light announced that there were living beings on board. It was cer-tainly mysterious. I glanced at the colonel, who sat with the tiller ropes grasped in his hands, steering straight for the ship. His bushy eyebrows were drawn together, his square jaws were set and he looked as

if he were leading a forlorn hope right up to the enemy's guns. "Well, what do you think of her?" said I "I shall hold her commander to an account for his conduct," replied the veteran. The ocean is not my element; but I know what proper behavior is, afloat or ashore. "It is my opinion," I pursued, "that he means to lure us on loard and then cut our throats, as the final act of his two cen turies of piracy."

"An officer of her majesty's service is not lured into ambuscades by coasting "Rest assured, I shall know how to make myself respected." "He's caught in some current, I suppose," said I.

"Confound this light," growled the colonel, "it's failing us just when we want it."

"Wery respected."

"Very respectable men have been murdered before now, especially by tramps," said I. "However, I will bring the Star Spangled Banner to your assistance if

It was no longer possible to distinguish Nothing more convenient for our purpose what was going forward on her decks. It could have been arranged. We lay in still seemed that the sheets were hauled aft, as water under the lea of the reef, the top of those of a man—or of what had once been if to take advantage of a breeze imper-which was now bare; and all we had to do one—of a rugged and brutal aspect, deeply

"Ah! then have the kindness to follow

ankles. Something that looked to me like the fin of a gigantic shark moved to and

"Charles," said the colonel, "hand me out that lantern." Charles did so.

Charles undertook to restrain any undue hilarity. Indeed, the countenances and bearing of the men did not seem to me to betray any strong desire to break forth in careless mirth, to troll jovial tavern catches or to leap out on the reef and dim, and I may have been mistaken.

"And now, I believe we are ready," added

the colonel, with a courteous inclination in my direction.
"I am certainly," returned I, with the air of one who has too long been chafing under inaction, and we turned to the ship. As luck would have it, the cordage appertaining to the topmast, which was snapped off at the time the ship struck, was dangling over the side not far from where we stood; and a fragment of ratline served us in place of a rope ladder

man of his years. I felt that the eyes of the boatmen and of Charles were upon me. I sprang lightly after him, my head nearly coming in contact with his boot soles, and in a moment we stood together on the eck. Yes, there we stood; and still alive. We glanced forward and aft. Nothing resembling a human figure was in sight. In the shadow of the high bulwarks, however, and along the sides of the deck houses, I discerned several dark objects right; then still another, further forward. 'Asleep?-or drunk?-cr-" He stopped; we looked at each other and the tension of my nerves came very near relieving



arose rather hurriedly and said to me: "Dead, by Jove! and dry as last year's ocoanut into the bargain!" "Dry?" I repeated with a peculiar shud-"The man is a mummy-that's what I mean," returned the colonel. "He's skin and bone; he might have been dead a thousand years. And to judge from the clothes he has on," he added, throwing the light over the costume of the corpse, 'he ought not to have been alive for the

tered another passage, and presently came to a square aperture in the floor, opening down into the lower region of the ship. A vertical iron ladder offered a means of de-"We may as well take a look below there, colonel," said I, quietly. "Will you remain here, or-" "Go on, sir!" he answered, through his teeth. Down we went. An atmosphere as of trils. Arrived at the bottom, there was not space to stand upright. I trod on something that caused me to start back. I turned the light of the lantern up and down the floor. They lay in rows, four deep; there may have been two hundred of

them in that noisome crypt, forty feet long DuCasse's fleet!"
by twenty wide. They were chained one "Then that con But their sufferings must have been over "I doubt whether that sound could have and folks are apt to be skeptical."

and to guess at the answers. What do we know?
"Yes, we had better go," said I.

age. "He's the commander, I suppose. Ahem! Well-er-I must say, this seems to me to be a-er-matter in which it is difficult to be guided by precedent. How does "This ship was built and these men were born about the time the Mayflower took the Puritan Pilgrims to Plymouth Rock," said I. "You and I saw her come ashore colenel was about to clamber over when here with a living crew four hours ago. At the moment she struck I saw a fellow stopped him. run aft and haul a flag up to the mizzen peak. There he lies now, with the hal-liards still in his hands. Suppose we take

grasp of iron. "If it will give you any satisfaction to time being, as helpless and docile as an infant; and a fellow who sees visions and dreams dreams, and to whom, half the time, the solid earth appears less real than

answer my greeting.
"Look yonder!" said he, pointing to the reef. "Gone! She's gone, sir, by Jove! bag and scrip. Not a chip of her left." tells me that the men have been over there and say there's nothing left of her, either under water or above it. Now, what do you make of it?"

be off, don't you?" "By Jove, my boy, that I do!" cried the

wrcek, sah. T'ink you might like to take a do you make of it?" said the colonel, at

ages and ages ago. Death had released them from their slavery centuries before the idea of emancipation first dawned in You see, we have no actual proof; even the baby proves nothing, except to ourselves; come from haie, colonel; we could hardly "I fully agree with you," returned the

lieved.

"Oh, Bill has skipped, has he?"
"Well, sorter, you may say. You see,
Bill's wife owned the farm and he kinder

ef he'd ever come back forever."
"When did all this happen?" "Only jist this mornin"."
"Well, I guess I had better not stop
there, had I?"

# lookin' powerful lonesome?"